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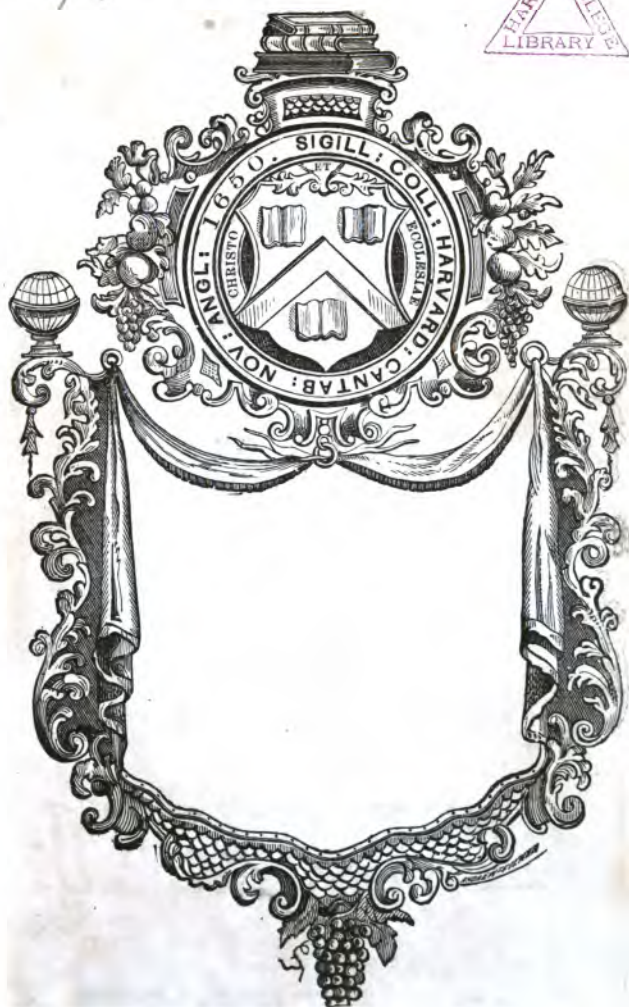
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*C. 1882*

**SONGS AND SONG-LEGENDS**  
**OF**  
**DAHKOTAH LAND.**

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**EDWARD L. FALES.**

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ST. PAUL, MINN.:  
THE HIGHLAND PUBLISHING CO.  
1882.

Pioneer Press Print.



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1882, Oct. 18,  
Gift of  
Rev. Edward Abbott,

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### IN FANCY BLEST.

My spirit soars on pinions light  
Beyond the life that would confine,  
And now are all the joys of bright  
And perfect vision mine.

I feel no more the night of pain,  
Since fortune walks no more with fate;  
The flower of love reveals no stain,  
And hearts admit no hate.

If life were sweet in every breath,  
What soul would long from earth to fly?  
If happiness were found in death,  
Who would not dare to die?

In life perfection is not found,  
While death is only perfect rest;  
Then let me quit this gloomy bound  
And be in fancy blest!



## THE DAHKOTAH WARRIOR.

Lightly treads the cunning warrior.  
On the trail he follows true ;  
Softly sing his feathered arrows  
To the stately bucks in view ;  
Fiercely does he give them battle,  
Who would drive him from the graves  
Of his people, the Dahkotah—  
Race that brings forth braves.

Well he knows the friendly challenge  
Of the white gull's piercing cry,  
When the foam is on the billows,  
When the threatening storm-clouds fly,  
And his birch canoe is bounding  
O'er the wild Messipi waves,  
In the land of the Dahkotah,  
In the land of braves.

Finding beauty in the wild flowers,  
Temples in majestic trees,  
Music in the morning bird-songs,  
Voices in the changeful breeze,  
Healing in its fragrant breathing  
When his brow its coolness laves,—  
In the land of the Dahkotah,  
In the land of braves.

Hearing in the mighty thunder  
Rumbling down the hills of cloud,  
Manitou's voice—his glance beholding  
Where the lightning's fire has ploughed ;  
Feeling him in starry midnights,  
Or in dark and echoing caves,—  
In the land of the Dahkotah,  
In the land of braves.

Skins are plenty in his wigwam,  
Hunting grounds have known him long ;  
Scalps are countless on his lodge-pole,  
For his arm is quick and strong :  
He's a warrior in the west land,  
Where the squaws alone are slaves,—  
In the land of the Dahkotah,  
In the land of braves.

## FOND HEARTS OF THE FOREST.

## A LEGEND OF FOUNTAIN CAVE, NEAR ST. PAUL.

The hazy gloaming gathers round,  
The silence mellows every sound,  
The gentle wind through foliage nigh  
Begins to breathe its plaintive sigh;  
While o'er the hill creeps silver light  
Where calm and chaste the queen of night,  
Awaking from her daily trance,  
Doth charm all nature with her glance  
Her virgin train sweeps down the glade;  
Kissing the cavern's mouth of shade  
She smiles upon the singing brook,  
With sparkles filling every nook  
That lurks about its dimpled face,  
Giving its deepest shadows grace,  
And breathing on its grassy mane  
A gloss it ne'er can hope to gain  
Beneath the sun's more kingly ray.  
Wierdly the purling waters play  
In her embrace; then break away  
To vanish under bending boughs,  
But giving voice to gurgling vows  
Of future tryst, of love again  
Where meet the river banks and glen.  
The moonlight vaults beyond the trees  
To gain the river side, and sees  
A dusky virgin sitting there,  
Who twines her lovely raven hair  
And frequent lifts her melting eyes  
To where the flashing ripple flies  
Across the bosom of that glass  
Where dancing stars nocturnal pass.  
A princess of the wildwood she,  
And graceful as the deer that flee  
When stricken by the light winged shaft  
So deadly from the hunter's craft.

The river sings beneath her feet ;  
It finds an echo in the sweet  
And tender thought that throbs behind  
The starry curtains of her mind.  
And when the thrills that sweep her heart  
Now from her tongue in music start,  
The wavelets beating on the strand,  
The murmuring leaves by zephyrs fanned,  
The minor rythms that wake the bowers  
Of this fair glen when evening lowers,  
And warbling birds, melodious throng,  
All mingle with her low love song.  
Her voice is all that's wild and sweet,  
And slow must be that warrior's feet  
Who would not speed with all his heart  
To see her red lips meet and part.  
Love moves her with his golden away—  
A young and stalwart Chippewa  
Has gained her heart, and kindred ties  
And tribal feuds her love defies.  
What cares she that her people hate  
And his give back without abate ?  
What cares she that he is not Sioux ?  
If he but keep his promise true !  
She sings an old song, passion-laden  
By many a dead Dahkotah maiden :

O where is my lodge—my love ?  
O where is the lord of my breast ?  
Reveal me, Great Spirit above,  
The arms where my passion may rest.

Brave warriors are thick as the leaves  
That follow the wind in the fall ;  
Each maiden may think she receives  
The smile of the noblest of all ;

But I know a chief who can slay  
The panther and bear with his hand,—  
As warm and as proud as the day,  
And braver than all in his band.

In his sinewy arms I shall rest,  
And hear his voice call me "sweet dove !"   
O he is the lord of my breast !  
With him is my lodge and my love !

She stops ; she turns with sudden start,  
With troubled eyes and beating heart,  
To the frowning bluffs, where warlike cries  
And sound of savage revel rise.  
The warriors of her tribe are there,  
All dancing in the firelight glare.  
Their spears with reeking scalps are clad,  
Their thoughts are blood, their brains are mad :  
Each yelling brave now only knows  
Fierce hatred for his ancient foes.  
They boast of all their deeds of might,  
Of secret slaughter, deadly fight,  
And woe to him who comes to meet  
The lonely maid, Wenonah sweet,  
If they his paddle's dip shall hear  
Or after learn his presence near.  
When their wild revel, to her fright,  
Rose wilder with the fall of night,  
She stole away and gained this place  
To see again her lover's face.  
She gazes on the distant shore,  
But all is quiet as before.  
Again she sings, her flute-like tones  
So low that were the very stones  
On which she rests her feet possessed  
With sense to hear, what she confessed  
In tuneful cadence would be lost  
To them, for well she knows the cost  
For him who loves her, if her thought  
Be told aloud, and so there naught  
Breaks on the air but melody.  
If spoken, thus her song would be :

My love is strong, my love is brave,  
His heart is warm and true ;  
He soon will come across the wave  
And bear me in his light canoe,  
To be his queen and slave.

To me he bowed his eagle plume,  
He tamed his eagle eye,  
And vowed his love would life consume  
If I refused with him to fly,  
His teepee to illumine.

O come, my chief! I watch—I wait,  
I give up all for thee;  
If thou wilt have an alien mate,  
Wenonah longs thy mate to be,  
That she may share thy fate.

Come quickly, love, but make no sound,  
My people are thy foes,  
If thou shouldst here by them be found  
A warrior's death thy life would close,  
Thy soul be skyward bound.

But what would poor Wenonah do  
If she were left alone?  
She scarce would see the hand that slew  
Ere she would raise her death-chant tone,  
And with thee perish too!

She scans the echoing cliff once more,  
Then turns to view the farther shore,  
And bending low she strives to hear  
Some sound to tell her he is near.  
O'er all there seems to fall a hush  
As tender as her cheek's warm blush.  
Now firmly rooted to the spot—  
As though she had all things forgot—  
She looks like some wild, charm-bound elf,  
As lifeless as the moon itself.  
But no! the parted lip and eye  
Of flashing fire such thought belie,  
And well and eloquent avow  
The soul beneath that rigid brow.  
O virgin heart! O passion bright!  
That fills a glance with beauty's light.  
O Wenijishid, happy thou,  
Who surely will not tarry now!  
A moment thus—then up she springs,  
And now the song she softly sings  
Floats o'er the water from her lip  
To meet the noiseless, constant dip  
Of Wenijishid's paddle blade.  
How swift to greet the faithful maid  
He comes. She waits, 'tween joy and fear,  
While on he glides, each stroke more near.  
Love gives him more than wonted strength,

And on the beach he leaps at length.  
With trembling joy, with artless grace,  
She springs into his glad embrace.  
Within her brave young hero's arms  
Forgot are all her past alarms.  
One rapturous kiss with quick impress,—  
His burning hands her locks caress,—  
And then they gaze, at love's sweet will,  
Eye into eye with answering thrill.  
"Wenonah darling, since we met,  
Not once could I that smile forget  
Which told me (more than words could tell)  
The hopes that made this bosom swell  
Were fair in our Great Spirit's sight.  
He, ere another moon's swift flight,  
Shall bid me take thee to my home  
And joy in thee, no more to roam."  
Her trustful voice is low and clear,  
And sweetest music in his ear :  
"No chief is braver, none more bold  
Than he whose neck my arms enfold.  
He dares the light the moonbeams make  
And danger courts for my poor sake.  
List! Wenijishid, hearst thou not  
Those yells of warning? Though this spot  
Rests now beneath a peaceful spell,  
How long it will so we cannot tell.  
Thy heart is big, and like a rock  
Will meet the blood-storm's awful shock ;  
But I am weaker—and I fear  
For thee each moment thou art here.  
Behold how now the moonlight meets  
And with a kiss each ripple greets ;  
Wenonah's heart, o'erflowed with bliss,  
Is wholly thine, and thine her kiss."  
The radiance mingled with the shade—  
The murmur low by night winds made—  
The rune, harmonious and complete,  
Of wavelets in their ceaseless beat—  
The fragrance given of sleeping flower—  
The brooding hush that fits the hour,—  
With this fair scene all these are met  
To make the scene more lovely yet.

Wenonah's kiss would all confess,  
It gives to beauty holiness ;  
The moments passing seem to be  
Endowed with all eternity,  
And in this lonely spot, love found  
Brings the whole universe in bound.  
But hark ! what sound the breezes bear  
That turns her gladness to despair ?  
Wenonah trembles like a reed,  
With hunted look she turns to plead :  
" O Wenijishid, leave me, quick !  
For dangers gather round thee thick.  
We are discovered, and thy death  
May hang upon each wasted breath.  
Fly for thy life ! Too late ! too late !  
Together we must meet our fate."  
He smiles, and there with dauntless front  
Would meet the coming foemen's brunt,  
But she who will not leave his side  
Bears in her hand his warrior pride,  
And hopes of joyous life with her  
Are sweeter than the battle's stir.  
His war-whoop's taunt rings through the glen,  
While answering come the cries of ten.  
Wenonah clasps his brawny arm,  
And lest his love might come to harm  
He turns to where his birchen boat  
Seems chafing to be set afloat,  
And ere their foes have gained the strand  
The light canoe beneath his hand  
Leaps off before a foaming track.  
He flings a yell of triumph back,  
And grimly smiles as on he flies  
To hear their disappointed cries ;  
Yet lest they may too soon pursue,  
He urges on the flight anew.  
He plies the paddle with a will,  
They skim the waves,—but swifter still  
A vengeful arrow cleaves the air,  
To sink between his shoulders bare.  
The shock is cruel, and the blade  
Falls from his hand ; his powers all fade  
Like thought, and plunging on his face,  
Deathlike he lies. Now to his place

Wenonah springs; with bloodless lip,  
 With gleaming eye and nervous grip,  
 She works the paddle with a force  
 Of which but love could be the source.  
 Beyond the range of bow, she flings  
 The blade aside and fiercely brings  
 Her wounded hero to her breast.  
 Now sadly called, now wildly pressed,  
 He breathes at last a feeble sigh,  
 And feeling sure he will not die  
 She labors strongly, full of hope  
 And nerved with any fate to cope.  
 She gains the shore, and stoutly bears  
 Her chief through brush and wild beast lairs.  
 All through the night she speeds her flight  
 To where his people's fires burn bright.  
 When friendly, helping hands are found,  
 And she has given him to their care,  
 She sinks upon the leafy ground  
 Panting like a hunted hare.  
 Her faithful powers have filled their task,  
 Their sacred trust no more need ask,  
 And now the goal is gained, they bind  
 Oblivion's charm around her mind.

\* \* \* \*

Young life is pliant, love will give  
 A mighty motive still to live.  
 And when he wakes, with deep surprise  
 He meets the dark and glorious eyes  
 Of dear Wenonah on him bent  
 In passion's hope absorbed, content.

\* \* \* \*

Since this took place it is not known  
 How many changing moons have flown;  
 Yet still, when Luna's rapiers bright  
 Pierce through the tenuous robe of night,  
 And shining on the stilly shore  
 Create again the scene of yore,  
 Wenonah and her lover true  
 Pass over in their white canoe;  
 Their spirit forms unshadowed glide  
 Across the rapid, glistening tide.



## ANPETUSAPA.

## A LEGEND OF ST. ANTHONY FALLS.

'Tis autumn, and the breezes lift  
Their melancholy tones;  
'Tis evening: through each passing rift  
The stars, like precious stones  
In lustrous beauty (clouded soen),  
Sweet incense to the sight,  
Attend their white-robed mistress moon,  
The queen of romantic night.  
Anon, as the cloud hosts fly  
Before the wind across the sky,  
The court of the queen is suddenly seen,  
With its pomp sublime and array  
Of sparkling and glittering sheen,  
More lovely than the light of day,  
More glorious than the twilight gleam  
That mingles with the sun's last beam  
Where the waves of ocean play.

By the river's bank a wandering band  
Have reared their teepee walls,  
Here where the warriors all may stand  
And view the mighty falls.  
The ivory moon is mounting high,  
The lodge fires flicker low,  
And slumbering forms are visible by  
The embers' last faint glow,  
When lightly steps a youthful brave  
Out from the forest ways  
Into the star-roofed nave,  
Out from the shadowing trees  
(Leaves fluttering slow in the slow night breeze)  
Into the broad, revealing rays,

Into the silvery glow  
Which only such sweet hours may know  
When lovely Night, though throned on high,  
Reveals her wealth of charms below,  
When dewy turf and moss banks nigh  
Are lit with radiance from the sky.

With step as buoyant as the air  
He glides above the glistening sward;  
The largest, whitest teepee there  
Doth seem to center his regard,  
For there his unmarked path doth end,  
And there his burning glances send  
Their passionate lightnings, wild, yet all  
Made reverent by the spot on which they fall.  
This lodge doth tower  
Above the poles on every hand  
Like some strange chieftain o'er his band.  
Why comes he at this hour?  
Hath dark revenge a purpose here?  
Shall bloody strife appear  
On such a scene? Ah, no! the power  
That spurs him hath a softer spell;  
For here the tribe's most cherished flower,  
The daughter of the chief, doth dwell.

He has fought with his love o'er and o'er,  
For he thinks he should glory in nothing but war;  
But his mind is a stranger to peace  
While forcing his lips to be dumb,  
While trying his passion to quell,  
For the beat of his heart will not cease  
Its burden of gladness to tell,—  
So hither at last he hath come  
To give it a full release.

His deep, rich voice floats down the glade,  
In soft, unwonted tones  
Like gentle winds through pine-tree cones;  
He sings the Warrior's Serenade;  
While at the end of every strain—  
With more effect his cause to plead—  
He plays a wild and shrill refrain  
Upon a flute of rude-cut reed.

Lonely warbling bird of night !  
Leave thy bough and perch above  
The silent, dewy folds of white  
That screen my sleeping love.  
Drink the moonlight rays that fall  
Pure and mellow, like the beams  
Of starry eyes beyond my call  
Far in the land of dreams.  
Tell her I am brave and strong,  
Tell her I have loved her long ;  
Singing softly like a dove,  
Tell her all you know of love  
I cannot tell in song.

Tell her I am waiting here  
At the threshold of her bower ;  
Winds are lifting far and near  
The sweets of every flower,  
All the stars are out in state,  
Music breathes in every stir,  
Yet all of nature seems to wait  
For a glimpse of her.  
Tell her I am brave and strong,  
Tell her I have loved her long ;  
Singing softly, like a dove,  
Tell her all you know of love  
I cannot tell in song.

Is it the wind that swings apart  
The deerskin door from the lodge away  
Is it a sudden leap of his heart  
That makes too vivid fancy play ?  
Or is it a nut-brown arm that holds  
The trembling folds,  
And are those liquid eyes that shine  
Like diamonds fine ?  
Sing on, sing on, bold youth,  
And hope shall lead thee to the truth !

She is lovelier than the sky,  
Sweeter than the freshest bud,  
I can no longer wait and sigh  
Here in the moonlight flood ;  
All my heart is at her feet,  
All my strength at her behest ;

O sing, and bid her come to greet  
The one who loves her best !  
Tell her I am brave and strong,  
Tell her I have loved her long ;  
Singing softly, like a dove,  
Tell her all you know of love  
I cannot tell in song.

His manly voice entreating calls  
As softly as the dewdrop falls.  
He ceases, and the night winds hush  
As if they too had waited long ;  
The organ-river's chanting rush  
Seems but an echo of his song.  
And shall he wait and plead in vain ?  
Ah, no ! love is not always pain ;  
For see, the folds are drawn aside,  
And dimly there may be descried  
A shadowy form of shadowy grace,  
That halts while still in gloom arrayed,  
With eyes that light the tawny face  
And tresses darker than the shade.  
O spell of song ! O power and thrill  
Of love ! O dream that sways  
The blood of youth, that feels no chill  
Till love betrays !

O hark ! ye sprites that haunt this time,—  
This quiet moon-lit hour,  
When Cupid weaves in every clime,  
His web of subtlest power,—  
O, can ye hear, and not rejoice,  
The music of a maiden's voice ?  
"Anpetusapa's glance would meet  
The night bird that can sing so sweet."

With what a bounding stride he goes !  
With what a light his dark eye glows !  
With what a look he seeks to fire  
Those gentle eyes with his desire !  
"O multiply what voice reveals ;  
The bird can sing not half it feels !  
Too deep, too deep, to tell in words,  
And even too sweet for song of birds,  
Is passion like this heart of mine  
Doth feel for thine !"

She lightly steps into the light,  
She gently lifts her gentle eyes,  
She flies not, though her heart takes flight  
And soars without disguise.

"I know thee; thou art strong and tall,  
Thy fearless deeds are known to all.  
O may this eve be not more fair  
Than life to thee, is all my prayer."

His mighty sinews, sternly trained,  
Are now with manly grace restrained,  
And the fortunate touch of a fairy's wand  
Far ruder would seem than the touch of his hand;  
And the light of his eye like a streamlet doth flow  
Where passion and tenderness mingle and flash  
On the dancing ripples, whose murmuring low  
From his lips seem to dash  
A faithful, harmonious echo:

"Of happiness all my life will tell  
If thou in my lodge doth dwell.

Oh! could you but know

The new, the glad, the tender glow  
That warms my heart, so fiercely brave  
When breasting battle's fiercest wave—  
Could you but feel it pulse and bound  
Whene'er my ear is charmed to hear  
Thy gentle tongue's melodious sound—  
Could you but see how these fond eyes  
Rejoice to look upon thy face  
When like a dream before them rise  
Thy matchless form and wondrous grace—  
How deeply, thirstily they drink  
Thy dew-bright eyes, whose flashing glance  
Doth like a luring firefly dance  
(Along an island's shadowy brink  
Where rippling waters, restless waters,  
Sing their low, unchanging song  
Upon the pebbles all night long).  
Thou art a flower whose smile has made  
A sunbeam pierce the forest shade;  
Thou art a rose that fragrant grows  
To beautify the darksome glade  
And sweeten every breeze that blows.

Anpetusapa! wilt thou give

The promise that shall make me live  
As I have never lived before ?  
I love thee, and the powers divine  
Shall teach thy heart to pulse with mine,  
And bless our union evermore  
While moons shall pass or starlight shine."

The guardian bosom of her lover  
Serves well her modest blush to cover ;  
Her willowy arms about him twine  
As closely as the greenwood vine  
Doth hang upon the towering oak,  
That holds it safe from every stroke  
And proudly shelters the delicate form  
From all the buffets of the storm.  
The moon and every heavenly gem  
Now seem to shine alone for them.  
O Time ! why must thou speed away ?  
For knowest thou not that present joy  
Bears no increase for such as they,  
For whom all change must bring alloy ?  
And thou, young Love ! canst thou not make  
A lonely Eden for their sake ?  
'Tis better that but two should find  
Gladness of heart and peace of mind,  
Than all the greater sum of life—  
With burning hearts that fates unbind  
And crowding thoughts that gender strife.  
But no, the gift of life is one  
Of strangest form, of blended tints  
And crossing lines, with mingled hints  
Of glory from an unseen sun ;  
And shades that hourly darker grow  
For those who seek that sun to know ;—  
And they must take the whole or none.  
So they must wake to memory  
Of other things, so they must be  
Reminded of the powers that hold  
Their future lives, to rule and mold.

"Anpetusapa need not name  
The glory of her father's fame ;  
He is a mighty chief, and none  
Too quickly will he choose a son."

"O fear not, my blossom,  
For he shall not see  
The flower of his bosom  
Mismated with me.  
Where war-whoops are sounding  
Their blood-stirring call,  
There I shall go bounding  
The foremost of all.  
When foemen shall fly me  
And chiefs call me brave,  
He will not deny me  
The boon I shall crave."

"Yes, thou art brave for one so young;  
This voice of mine thy feats hath sung  
When from the war-path thou returned  
On which thy first renown was earned;  
And if my love can make thy bliss,  
My service give thee happier life,  
All hope shall dwell in one kind kiss  
For thine eternal-loving wife."

"O blessed promise! future bright!  
This feeble tongue of mine can never  
Reveal how dear thou art to-night,  
How cherished thou shalt be forever!"

\* \* \* \*

The powers divine did seem to bless  
The promise of his wild caress;  
The chief approved the suitor bold,  
And for rich goods his daughter sold.  
She thought not of the trade, but went  
To her young lord with true content,  
And while she dreamed of joy to come  
Her heart was full, her lips were dumb;  
And day by day her task was wrought,  
Each hour with self-denial fraught;  
His wants were met, his lodge was trim,  
Her patient thoughts were all for him.  
And so the happy moons flew by,  
Till new refulgence filled her sky  
When there appeared a baby boy,  
Whose laugh o'erflowed her cup of joy;  
For this must prove, she could but feel,

A bond between them strong as steel.  
Alas, thou too confiding wife,  
What clouds were gathering o'er thy life!  
For vanity alone will stay  
With human nature to the last;  
Each happy day will slip away  
Into the valleys of the past,  
Returning but a ghostly thing  
When the spirit drinks at Memory's spring.

Why did he vow to cherish ever?  
Or why allow his heart to change?  
What maid was she who came to sever  
Thy love and thee? What magic strange  
Had she to work her strange endeavor?  
What mind shall solve the mystery  
Of loves that come and loves that flee?  
Why should Anpetusapa give  
Her heart's whole life, her richest treasure,  
To one whose boasted flame could live  
Though but a dozen moons' small measure;  
Whose passion was for selfish pleasure?

Yet so it was, another came  
Her heart to cloud, her place to claim.  
Her lodge became another's nest;  
The first wife, she was second now;  
Neath custom's yoke compelled to bow  
And see her rival fondly pressed,  
The death gloom settled on her brow,  
Day brought no sun, the night no rest.  
The beam of sadness lit her eye,  
And memories that could never die  
Until her body, void of breath,  
Became the precious spoil of Death.  
Morn after morn beheld her still  
Slow sinking, like a mountain rill  
Whose fountain-head, once bubbling bright,  
Has dried away, and left the white  
And pulseless sand to mark where long  
Began the sparkle and the song.  
One joy alone was left to bring  
The heart-swept thrill of other days,  
When to her baby she would sing  
Her lullaby of love and praise;



And this, even this, renewed the thought  
 Of joyous hopes that came to naught.  
 Betrayed by faith, yet faithful to the last,  
 She murmured not ; but patiently she passed  
 Each day in kindly service, given  
 As if her heart were all unruined,  
 Until at length heroic strength  
 Could bear no more.

Upon the shore  
 Of wild Messipi's plunging flood,  
 Where they were camped so long before,  
 They camped again ; again their blood  
 Marched to the music of its roar.

\*     \*     \*

'Tis morning : every bird its matin sings  
 And beats the air with throbbing wings,  
 The air so sweet and quick ; the glistening dew  
 Hangs crystal beauty on all verdant things,—  
 Each trembling drop reflecting true  
 The overspread, unclouded blue ;  
 While from the east the cohorts of the sun  
 With dazzling spears begin to strew  
 The morning vapors, damp and dun,  
 Whose melting ranks are closed anew  
 To vanish where the rapid waters run.

Anpetusapa hides her woe  
 Until her husband and her foe  
 Have left the lodge and gone from sight.  
 Then with a tearless eye and bright,  
 She gazes madly round the place  
 Where every comfort bears the trace  
 Of wifely labor wrought with pain,  
 Of woman's love that lives in vain.  
 Here moccasins lay with bead-work gay ;  
 Here on the wall the breezes sway  
 The music-breathing flute,  
 Whose lips are dry and mute,  
 While she who once inspired its tone  
 Now sits despairing and alone.  
 The very curls of smoke that rise  
 And mingle with the morning skies,  
 Are tokens of the duties done  
 Beneath the red eye of the rising sun.

Awhile she sits in cruel thought,  
Till, with her anguish overwrought,  
She flies to him who sweetly bears  
The image of her faithless god,  
And on each infant feature wears  
The smiling hopes on which he trod.  
Convulsively she clasps her child,  
Whose love, alone left undefiled,  
Is not enough to nerve her soul  
Beneath its crushing weight of dole.

She listens to the roaring water,  
Whose voice she heard in music grand  
When she was still the old chief's daughter  
And love such wondrous fortunes planned.  
And ruthless phantoms of the past  
Across her mind are flitting fast,  
Each with a keen, envenomed dart  
That poisons brain and tortures heart.  
With breath too quick to lift a sigh,  
With marble firmness on her brow,  
With glassy wildness in her eye,  
She seeks the river's margin now.  
She steps into a birch canoe  
Still beaded with the morning dew,  
And clasping close her mother's pride,  
She seeks the middle of the tide.

O hark ! thou selfish one, who gave  
Embrace more treacherous than the wave :  
Does not her song that mounts the air  
Reproach thee with its grand despair ?  
Why dost thou hurry to the river ?  
Why dost thou call, why dost thou shiver,  
While she whom thou didst drive away  
Is bold amidst the chilly spray ?  
What good is all thy vain remorse ?  
Thinkst thou from jaws of death to force  
A sacrifice so lightly thrust  
Upon the altar of thy lust ?  
A host like thee could nothing urge  
To meet one tone of her sad dirge :

My heart cannot live without loving ;  
My heart cannot give up its own ;

No more will I linger with sorrow,  
But follow the joys that have flown ;  
With Death I will rest me to-morrow  
On a kind, dreamless bed of stone.

I fear not the rush of the water,  
For me all its terrors are vain ;  
It cannot bring less than gladness  
For it banishes all my pain :  
I will sink with my burden of sadness  
And mix with the earth again.

And my baby, my darling, my blossom,  
Nor falsehood nor anguish shall know ;  
Together we cleave the wild billow—  
Unfaltering together we go  
To rest on the same rocky pillow,  
To slumber and mingle below.

Plunging on the sunlit stream,  
The frail canoe, with trembling leaps,  
Hurries toward the mists that gleam  
To veil the awful steepes.  
What need has she for any veil ?  
Despairing eyes will never quail !  
See, now upon the glowing crest,  
Where clouds of spray beneath her lie,  
She clasps her boy upon her breast,  
She gazes on the cloudless sky,  
And in its blue depth seems to see  
Death, robed in peaceful purity ;  
Then down into the boiling tomb  
That makes for her the happiest doom.  
How strange that peace should thus be found  
Amid such tumult-breathing sound ;  
To leap from life and light, and find  
A darkness sweeter to the mind !

\* \* \* \*

Long shall the mists of morning show  
The spirit of her who long ago  
Wrapped them round her wearily—  
A victim of love and treachery.  
Long shall her mournful death-song find  
An echo in the moaning wind,  
Long shall Dahkotah legend bind

That echo with the roaring falls,  
The ancient, foam-crowned, giant falls,  
Whose voice so oft hath given  
The welcome of its watery halls,  
That lead the soul, when the Great Spirit calls,  
To the hunting grounds of heaven.  
And though a child of the forest dark  
Weary of life would here embark,  
As to a portal hither comes,—  
And yet who may not pass this way  
Into eternal joy and day,—  
The water hides and soon benumbs  
The sorrow, and the cadence deep  
Becomes a lullaby to hush  
The spirit to its endless sleep  
Beneath the surging rush,  
Beneath the shrouding spray,  
Where the tireless waters sweep  
To their wild, unpausing leap—  
Then ho for the South, away !  
The flood is cold, but the heart is bold  
When the future that lives new sorrow gives ;  
And within the chamber halls  
Of the grand and solemn falls  
May be found a sleep so sweet and deep  
That its darkness never palls,  
While ages pass with silent creep.  
Time has no tooth to tear  
The heart whose pulse is dead,  
And sorrow may live in the air  
But not in the river-bed.  
I ween all peacefully there  
Is pillowed forever the head  
Of a woman whose heart was fair,  
Though her cheeks were dusky red.

## THE FALLS OF ST. ANTHONY.

Grand old stream !  
You never rest, but constantly flow  
From the calm above to the riot below.  
A sweep to the edge,  
A leap from the ledge—  
Down, down, down you go,  
To roar mid the ragged rocks below.  
Roar, roar, roar !  
With a mighty voice ; but its deepest tone  
Sounds to me like a giant's groan.

You well may groan.  
The works of man, in a gold-greedy time,  
Have laid their chains on the waters sublime ;  
No more, no more  
As wild as before—  
Down, down, down you go,  
To roar mid the ragged rocks below.  
Chained, chained, chained,  
While the years go by; still the saddest tone  
Of that noble voice never sinks to a moan.

## HEROES TRUE.

Though long the list of storied brave,  
How few have lived to whom the slave  
Need render thanks ; how few who cared  
For others' wrongs ; how few who dared  
To sacrifice for others' good  
Their own good fame,—who might have stood  
High with their fellow men, yet chose  
The lonelier post, resolved to lose  
No part of liberty or right  
For selfish gains. They made their fight  
Against the world. Though few, how grand  
They seem when years have purged the land ;  
When every freedman's growing son  
May taste the fruit their valor won.  
Such men are brave men—heroes true ;  
To them all human thanks are due,  
To them the laurel crowns belong,  
And ministry of song.

## TWILIGHT.

The sunset hues begin to fade away,  
The rosy cloud-tips one by one are fled,  
And billowy folds of quiet, sober gray  
Are driving from the sky all trace of red.  
The musky twilight is so calmly sped  
We scarcely know when it has taken its flight ;  
But now the clouds are parting overhead,  
Revealing wells of azure deeply bright,  
And through their vistas peep the twinkling stars of night.

## MOONLIGHT.

The crescent moon illumines the silent west  
With all her wealth of time-tried, mellow beams,  
And in her smile night-loving eyes are blest.  
O night of beauty ! Shade or forest seems  
To frame some half-lit shows of starry dreams.  
Now let me banish thought ! For thinking mars  
The hour's enchantment ; since the light that gleams  
So pure reveals unlovely lines and scars  
Upon the patient face of her who rules the stars.

## A NIGHT SONG.

A spirit of peace guards the river to-night  
While the winds and the waves are asleep,  
And the stars overhead throw a richly dim light  
On the grassy yet swift gliding deep,  
Making softer the shadows that fringe the dark shore,  
Making mellow the lights mirrored there,  
And returning to them—lovelier far than before—  
All the radiance they lost in the air.

If my days ran as smooth as the river below,  
If my heart were as pure as the sky,  
Not a soul wandering forth in this night's early glow  
Would enjoy its delight more than I ;  
If the scene could but shed its contentment on me,  
Could my breast make a dwelling for peace,  
The happiest night of my life this would be,  
And the song on my lips would not cease.

## A MORNING SONG.

Sunlight pure and free,  
 Like a golden sea—  
 How it breaks on my soul,  
 With all its rich melody  
 And shining billows' trembling, joyous roll.  
 My bosom quickly fills  
 With its living thrills,  
 Pulsings from above—  
 Fluttering like an angel's white wings,  
 Breathing rapture like the voice of love.

Gentle summer wind !  
 All the balm you find  
 Softly falls on my brow—  
 A wreath invisibly twined,  
 But radiantly informed with sunbeams now.

Drops of early dew,  
 Born of heavenly blue  
 And the incense of night—  
 All silently, as they grew,  
 They melt away into the throbbing light.  
 My bosom quickly fills  
 With its living thrills,  
 Pulsings from above—  
 Fluttering like an angel's white wings,  
 Breathing rapture like the voice of love.

## LOST OPPORTUNITIES.

One morning, as I strolled a woodland place  
 And watched the sun's bright arrows glance among  
 The trees, a saucy bird in passing flung  
 A zephyr from its wings into my face.  
 So close it swept with all unfettered grace,  
 I might have caught it ; then it would have sung  
 Its sweetest songs for me, and to my tongue  
 Have learned to give reply, and help to chase  
 The darkest hours of life from me away.  
 But no—free on its course allowed to go,  
 It came no more : like many a happy thought  
 Which flashes through the mind its glorious ray,  
 Suggesting springs of light, which never flow,  
 For in its bird-like flight it is not caught.

## TEAR AND SMILE.

The flowers of spring are young and bright,  
And deck themselves in smiles of light.  
O stars of day, forever stay !  
Through all the air the moisture rare  
Gathers in rain-drops for the hour  
When blossoms fair shall drink the shower,  
And droop beneath the glistening wet  
Like precious stones with sea-pearls set.  
The smiles of youth are joy's warm breath,  
And when they play the spirit saith,  
These are too gay to pass away.  
Under the lid there still lie hid  
Tear-drops waiting for the hour  
When sorrows bid them freely shower.  
Lip and dimple but dissemble  
The wrinkling care, the piteous tremble.  
When flowers must die, 'tis with a sigh  
We see their petals fall apart,  
And smiles that fade will leave a shade  
Upon the face and in the heart.  
All do not die, all do not fade ;  
When by-and-by our fears are laid,  
See new life springing everywhere.  
The tears that rise in sad young eyes  
Refine the smiles that linger there ;  
From cooling rain and transient glooming  
The flowers burst forth in fresher blooming ;  
From sorrows borne, from conquered duty,  
The smile shall leap in purer beauty.  
Tear and smile  
Are sister blessings all the while,  
And sisterly may dwell together  
As sunbeams shine on dewy heather.

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With merry, tuneful pace,  
In wondrous windings whirled,  
My wayward fancies ever chase  
Each other through a dreamy world,  
Mid scenes so fair, to youth  
They seem the mirrored soul of truth.



## THE VINE-COVERED PORCH.

On the side where last the sunlight,  
Lingering like a dying torch,  
Tinged with red our humble cottage  
Stood the old vine-covered porch.

All about it golden blossoms  
Filled the air with odors sweet,  
For the fragrant honeysuckle  
Clustered o'er that calm retreat.

Hours I sat and watched the waving  
Of the vines, by soft winds stirred ;  
Watched the coming and the going  
Of the fairy humming bird.

Oft my wondering eyes have followed  
Each green tendril's upward creep ;  
Oft upon the smooth-worn doorstep  
Nature shut those eyes in sleep.

Oft we gathered in the twilight,  
'Neath that portal's welcome shade,—  
Resting there, a happy household,  
As we watched the daylight fade.

Sitting thus all in the gloaming,  
Azure skies so pure above  
Seemed to whisper heavenly blessing,  
Bringing with it peace and love.

How that scene now comes to haunt me !  
Thronging memories of the past—  
Calling back my happy boyhood—  
Bid the scalding tears flow fast.

Far from there my steps have wandered  
Over land as broad as sea ;  
Years have gone, and with them bright hopes,  
Never to return to me.

I have mourned, for death has taken  
One who loved me—O so well !  
What I suffered when she left me,  
Words of mine can never tell.

Friends have passed and left me lonely,  
Standing like a stricken one ;  
And my heart has often faltered,  
Wishing that my life were done.

But a new light shines about me !  
To my dazzled soul I seem  
Straying in a path too pleasant  
To be ought except a dream.

No, 'tis real. Another dear one  
Comes to take her sacred place ;  
Once again I find an idol  
In a woman's angel face.

In my heart new glory dawning  
Bids the long-hugged shadows flee.  
Can it be the future bringeth  
Peace and happiness for me ?

Shall I see them in the gloaming  
As my father did of yore :  
Household treasures who will love me,  
Grouped about my cottage door ?

Shall I see, where I may rest me  
Watching sunset's dying torch,  
Fragrant honeysuckles climbing  
O'er a *new* vine-covered porch ?

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#### FAIRY TALES.

I am reminded of the many hours  
Which I have passed deep in your witching lore,  
For in my boyish heart you held—before  
Your elfin queens had lost their magic powers—  
Most high and royal state; your woodland bowers,  
Your moon-lit dances on the charm-bound floor  
Were real to me, and I did love to pore  
Enrapt o'er stories strange of golden showers  
By fairy wands on Fortune's children shed ;  
And in my innocence I sometimes dreamed  
That I might be of them. Ah ! long since fled  
My faith in things which once so natural seemed ;  
Yet still within my heart, though reason rails,  
I wish you might be true, sweet fairy tales !

## THE RIVER-LAKE.

After the cooling shower  
 Soft is the twilight hour  
     On the river-lake.  
 Sweetly the plaintive note  
 Gushes from whippoorwill's throat,  
 Gently, gently we float,  
     Light as a fine snowflake,  
     Down the river-lake.  
 The dripping oars at rest  
     Their murmurous music wake,  
 And ripple o'er the breast  
     Of the peaceful river-lake.

The lovely shadows fall  
 Like a sin-outshutting wall  
     On the river-lake,  
 Charming the hour and place.  
 The holiness we trace  
 In Nature's quiet grace  
     Makes sacred for her sake  
     All on the river-lake.  
 O this is purest joy !  
     This it is that makes  
 Me love the wide St. Croix,  
     The river-lake of lakes.

## ADIEU, LITTLE ROSEBUD.

Adieu, Little Rosebud, adieu !  
 My only sad parting is this,  
 For I leave with regret none but you.  
 Come, give me one sweet little kiss !  
 'Twill be long ere my lips lose the thrill.  
 'Tis gladness to know there is one—pure and true—  
 One darling to think of me still.  
 Farewell to the lips that are cold,  
     Farewell to the hearts that forget ;  
 My affections have lost every hold  
     Save the arms of my innocent pet,—  
 And now I must sever this too.  
 No cruel farewell shall unloose the dear fold,  
 But O, Little Rosebud—adieu !

## MY FAIR LENORE.

The tender, brooding twilight spreads  
Above the star-reflecting lake,  
The silver beams that Hesper sheds  
Are dancing in our tremulous wake—  
And yet how light we move along;  
While, gazing on my fair Lenore,  
I do not heed the boisterous song  
Of revelers on the shore.

My thoughts are worship, she the shrine  
Where all my aspirations rise;  
In vain those rival stars may shine,  
My beacon-lights are bright blue eyes.  
While ministering angels round us throng,  
And bless me with my fair Lenore,  
Why should I heed the boisterous song  
Of revelers on the shore?

'Tis said that o'er each love untold  
The smiles of Cupid melt in tears;  
My bursting heart I all unfold—  
She lifts her eyes, her joy appears,—  
And then, as if that look were wrong,  
The faltering voice of fair Lenore  
Would bid me heed the boisterous song  
Of revelers on the shore.

Ah! no, my sweet, this will not do,  
Not thus you'll turn me from the track,  
For all my thoughts are bound in you,—  
What eyes reveal shall lips take back?  
True, dear, you have not known me long,  
But well I love my fair Lenore!  
Why should I heed the boisterous song  
Of revelers on the shore?

For in that look of yours I trace  
A melody that heaven might hear,  
A sweet refrain of womanly grace,  
A soaring bird-song, fresh and clear!  
If now your lips to me belong,  
Sing love to me, my fair Lenore,  
And I'll not heed the boisterous song  
Of revelers on the shore.

## MINNEHAHA.

Dash the veil of spray  
From thy face away,  
Greet the smiling day,—  
Pretty Minnehaha.

From thy rushing wings,  
From thy silver strings,  
Sweetest music springs,—  
Singing Minnehaha.

Who can fail to see  
In thy careless glee  
Best philosophy,—  
Merry Minnehaha.

Nature's daughter free,  
How I long to be  
Wild and pure like thee,—  
Happy Minnehaha.

The snow-white butterfly  
Cannot pass thee by,  
But seeks thy mist to die,—  
Charming Minnehaha.

When the shadows fall  
On thee like a pall,  
Still the night-bird's call  
Echoes Minnehaha.

I fain would leave the strife  
With which this world is rife,  
o pass my life  
Loving Minnehaha.







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